

The Messenger

"Is the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

THE GATES OF DEATH ARE BROKEN.

Lo! the gates of Death are broken,
And the strong man armed is spoiled
Of his armor which he trusted,
By the stronger arm despoiled.
Vanquished is the prince of hell,
Smitten by the Cross he fell.

Then the purest light resplendent
Shone those feats of darkness through,
When, to save whom He created,
God willed to create anew.
That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By Whose death our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise.

Satan, groaned, defeated then,
When the Victor ransomed men;
Fatal to him was the strife
Unto man the source of life;
Captured as he seized his Prey,
He's slain as he would slay.

Thus the King all hell hath vanquished
Gloriously and mightily;
On the first day leaving Hades,
Victor He returns on high.
Thus God brought man back to Heaven
When He rose from out the grave.

—Hymn of Peter the Venerable. XII. Century.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

The Lessons which the committee have prepared, in connection with the "Guardian," are admirably adapted for the elder scholars in our Church. They breathe the spirit of the "Church Year," and bring out the various themes with great perspicuity and force. They contain rich Scriptural truths, and present Christ, in all His offices and work. A school properly trained in them, cannot but make progress in all saving knowledge. Of course the committee in their selections for the future, will consult variety, and progress, and thus avoid sameness. This can easily be done, without doing violence to the true spirit of the Church, or coming in conflict with the festival seasons.

As themes for the week-night lecture, they are exceedingly rich. Every pastor can find a subject at hand, and full of interest. For they contain many practical truths, which are adapted to the experiences of the people. Thus they are valuable aids to the devotion which should especially characterize the several meetings. No more profitable service can be held, than one in which these subjects are expounded. And if the standard hymns are sung, and the Litany offered up, we will have a prayer-meeting of the most edifying character. Instead of one or two leading in prayer, the whole congregation join in, and all pray. Such a meeting is truly refreshing.

But we have no Lessons adapted to those of younger years. The infants are left out in the cold. We think this is wrong. For it is important to commence with the very young, in a proper manner. Such will receive the true idea of the Church system, more readily than those farther advanced. We think this is a great oversight. The infant department is ignored entirely. For

this reason many schools have not introduced the "Guardian Lessons." Surely if they are important for the "lambs of the flock," they are essential to all. We hope to see this remedied, and trust that there will be an "Infant Department" inaugurated speedily." J.

Selected.

JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION.

Christianity roots itself in the mystery of the incarnation. By the power of that great fact it started originally, in the person of Christ, within the bosom of our present natural human life. To redeem man, the Word became flesh, clothing itself with our nature in the most real way. It did so, because the idea of redemption required more than any merely outward foreign help. The help must incorporate itself with the life of humanity itself, so as to work by this and through this for the accomplishment of its ultimate object. Such was the meaning of Christ's person, as He stood among men in the days of His flesh. He was the wisdom and power of God unto salvation, in human form. The fulness of the Godhead dwelt in Him bodily.

But the very same mystery which makes sure to us the real humanity of Christ, assures us also of the continual presence in His person of a life higher and far more powerful than that of our common manhood in its present natural form—a life supernatural and divine—in virtue of which alone it was possible for Him to fulfill His mediatorial work, so as to become the author of salvation for the world. The incarnation means nothing except as it is taken to involve throughout the fact of this higher nature in Christ, and to require at the same time the full unfolding of its resources and powers in connection with His proper humanity, as the only way in which we can conceive of any revelation as being true and complete. It lay thus in the very person of the Redeemer's person that its more than simply human attributes, qualities, and powers—what belonged to it as the eternal Word tabernacling in flesh—should come to suitable development and manifestation. Only so could He display the full perfection of His own being; only so could He take possession of His kingdom and glory; and only so could He be completely qualified as the prince of life, to save His people from their sins, and to bring them up finally from the power of the grave.

For all this, however, there was no room, no sufficient theatre and platform, we may say, in the existing economy of the present world. The conditions and limitations of our life, as it holds here in the order of nature, are such, that it was not possible for the full power and glory of Christ's person, and so for the full sense and purpose of His mission into the world, to come out and make themselves known under any such form. The impossibility was both physical and moral.

Regarded simply in its natural constitution, it was not possible that the world as it now stands could be a sufficient theatre for the manifestation of the kingdom and glory of Christ. It belongs to the very conception of nature, that it should exist in the form only of continual revolution and change. The fashion of the present world, in this view, is always passing away. It subsists by a perpetual process of coming and going. To this law of vanity, man himself, in his present life, forms no exception. As comprehended in the general constitution of nature, though including in himself at the same time, the principle of a wholly different superior order of life, he is subject, so far as this lower relation prevails, to the same conditions of change that characterize the system everywhere else. His physical being here is in no sense commensurate with his moral or spiritual being; and nothing is more plain, than that this last needs and demands for its ultimate full development, some different mode of existence altogether—a mode of existence in which, while the physical shall remain, it will be no longer as the physical, merely holding in its own order, as in the present world, but as the life of nature sublimated and transfigured into the life of spirit. In such view, the present world, the mortal condition into

which men enter here by birth, only to pass out of it again by death, could never, as such, become the seat of a truly perfect and glorified humanity; and it was not possible, therefore, that the kingdom of God, as it revealed itself in Christ, for the accomplishment of man's redemption in this form, could ever actualize itself in full on any such theatre or in any such sphere. It might begin here, nay, it was necessary that it should thus come in the flesh, in order to be a true redemption for men born of the flesh—but it could not keep itself throughout to such unequal bounds; it must find room for itself by going beyond them, and unfolding a new order of existence answerable to its own nature.

There is represented to be thus, in the Scriptures, a constitutional incompatibility between the present world, naturally considered, and the kingdom of God. The very idea of this kingdom involves attributes, which suppose and imply the passing away of much that is essential to the notion of the world as it now stands.

But the difficulty here is not simply physical, a want of full congruity between the conception of nature and the law of life in Christ Jesus; it meets us still farther under a moral aspect, and only in that view indeed comes out at last in its whole significance and force. That man should be subject to the general vanity of nature, and need to be supernaturally redeemed from it, notwithstanding his own spiritual constitution, in virtue of which it ought to be ancillary only to the objects of his higher life, is a fact, which, in and of itself, convicts him of having fallen from righteousness into sin. His present life, being so related to the economy of nature around him, is not normal. His subjection to such vanity is plainly a penal curse. Death with him is the wages of sin; and his whole present mortal state, accordingly, running as it does, continually toward this end, and having for itself no other possible issue or outlet, is comprehended in the terrible force of this law from beginning to end. How then should he be able to end? How should he be able to present him to be redeemed in full in his present mortal state? How should he be made superior to the curse of his fallen life, in the very circumstances and conditions which show the power of the fall itself, as it rests upon him in the present world from the cradle to the grave?

The case in this view is put by the Bible in the strongest light, when the present world itself, as a whole, is represented as having by reason of man's sin, fallen in some way under the actual dominion of Satan, so as to be now through his bad auspices positively hostile to all righteousness and truth. He is denominated the "prince of this world," the "prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." He is the "god of this world who blinds the eyes of them that believe not"—through the objects, relations and interests of the present world of course—"lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." This way of representing the subject is too general, and too explicit, to allow of its being resolved into mere metaphor. Most clearly the Scriptures see in the world, as it now stands, an organized power of sin, over which Satan presides, with the purpose of defeating if possible all God's thoughts of mercy toward our fallen race. When Christ came into the world, it was to do battle with this prince of darkness and his kingdom in the most real way. So much was signified by His personal conflict with the Devil in the wilderness, immediately after His baptism; a conflict which served to foreshadow the meaning of His whole subsequent ministry, and which came finally to its last scene only when He could say: "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out; and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me"—signifying, we are told, what death He should die. In conformity with which, His incarnation is said in another place to have been for this purpose, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

It lay thus in the very idea of man's redemption, that it could not be completed in

the form, and under the conditions of His present worldly life; for that would imply, that it might co-exist with the curse from which it seeks to set him free, and be in fact part of the very same constitution of things that has grown out of the curse, and which is pervaded and ruled throughout by the law of sin and death. If our human life was to be redeemed at all, it must be by its being "delivered from this present evil world" (Gal. i. 4); and such deliverance to be real must be in the form of a victory, surmounting the whole order of the world as it now stands, and revealing itself as a force greater than nature, greater than sin and all the consequences of sin, under another and altogether different mode of existence.—Dr. Nevin in *Mercersburg Review*.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

A new danger to the morals of the youth of the United States is coming along in the wake of the boys' amateur newspapers that have sprung up in such numbers within half a dozen years. Nineteen in twenty of these are entirely harmless, and afford rational diversion to the young people who get them up; but the twentieth brings corrupting influences with it of the worst description. This is how it is done, and we tell the story as warning to the parents and guardians of boys who print amateur papers. There is an infamous combination of men and women, whose places of operation are scattered over the whole country, and whose business it is to manufacture and sell vile books, cards, pictures and other objects, that are not only immoral, but many of them shockingly indecent, and the purposes, in some instances, plainly criminal. The purpose of one class of these publications and objects is to corrupt the morals of young people, and thus to lead them to practices that make it necessary for them to resort to another class; and so to add an ever-increasing volume to the foul traffic and to the gains of the crew engaged in it. These people are always on the watch for ways of communicating with young people, and their methods exhibit a devilish ingenuity. They have tried to bribe employees in publication offices in order to procure the lists of subscribers to magazines and other serials intended for young folks; they have pretended to be getting up directories containing the names of the United States, with the view of getting in this way lists of the names and addresses of school boys and school girls; and more recently, seeing the opportunity presented by the publication of a large number of amateur newspapers throughout the country, they have published and are now publishing pretended amateur newspapers, to promote through them their other nefarious trade. They invariably try to get their publications in the "exchange lists" of the legitimate amateur journals, and so reach a large number of the boy publishers and their young friends of both sexes. This is their first insidious step in this direction, and afterward they approach their main design by gradual steps, always growing worse and more dangerous. We have before us one of these pretended but false and foul imitations of an amateur newspaper, received upon the "exchange list" of an innocent boy's newspaper published in this city. Its professed place of publication is an obscure town in Western New York, but a close inspection of its pages and that of its auxiliaries, by an experienced eye, shows that to be a mere pretence, and that it has various habitations and ramifications throughout New York State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and various other States. It is well disguised for its purpose, so far as its ordinary reading matter is concerned; but it is in the advertisements that its wickedness and danger lurk. There are eleven advertisements, all of them frauds, and four of them are of the vilest description in the way of leading young people into wicked courses. An answer to one of these advertisements, by any boy or girl enticed by curiosity, is responded to by sending another publication filled with reading matter and advertisements designed and well calculated to tempt the applicant further. These lead to further applications excited by the new batch of corrupting matter; and then the third of the series is forwarded, which not only contains vile matter in its own pages, but has loose circulars enclosed, as if by accident, which notify the reader where the most infamous publications can be purchased, and also other information, intended for criminal purposes.

Thus the villains (men and women) who are in this hideous traffic of corrupting youth and making merchandise of defiled innocence, have seized upon the harmless diversion of boys' newspapers to make victims and lead them step by step into immorality, wickedness and crime. It is the most recently developed phase of an old and crying evil, against which good men and women have been obliged to organize societies for systematic resistance; against which our own State has levelled its criminal laws, and against which the Congress of the United States has been obliged to enact

special laws to exclude the atrocious traffic from the mails. But still the mails are used in spite of all the vigilance the Post-office authorities can bring to bear on the subject. We have frequent proofs of this, no less than four instances lying upon the table on which this is written, and all of them sent through the mail. Persons interested in these, though they keep their names out of the publications, are constantly at work raising clamors against the act of Congress that seeks to close the doors of the post-offices of the country against such corrupting traffic. Quite recently there was a sudden outbreak of despatches from Washington against the law, which the writers called the "infamous Comstock law." This means the Mr. Anthony Comstock who has fought these polluters of the youth of the country to the death; who has driven them from the large cities as fugitives, and from one obscure country town to another. They naturally do not like either him or the law he persuaded Congress to enact. Its object is to drive from the mails the whole of the insidious and most corrupting and dangerous traffic we have sought in a general way to describe, and which has found its latest development in simulations of boys' amateur newspapers.—Phila. Ledger.

LEO XIII. ESTABLISHING THE SCOTTISH HIERARCHY.

The correspondent of the London Times, writing from Rome under date of March 29th, says: An Apostolic Letter creating the Scottish Hierarchy, dated the 4th of March, is published to-day, in which the Pope refers to his predecessor's achievement in re-establishing the English Hierarchy in 1850, and those of Holland and Brabant, as well as the Patriarchate of Jerusalem afterwards, and to his having made arrangements to extend the same blessings to Scotland. Pope Leo, following his example and interpreting his intentions, proceeds now to carry his predecessor's designs into effect. The Pope gives a cursory view of the Scottish Church from its origin, referring to St. Ninian instructed in the Faith by the Venerable Bede; then to the monastic institutions of St. Columba in the 6th century; and, passing over the dark intervening period, describes the condition of the Church under Malcolm III., in the 11th century, and the increased lustre it attained, till Sixtus IV. gave Scotland a Metropolitan Church at St. Andrews in 1472, and later another at Glasgow in 1491. The See in Scotland then destroyed the ecclesiastical edifices in the 16th century; but the Roman Pontiffs never remitted their endeavors to keep up the faith in that kingdom—first by establishing a Scotch College in Rome; then by appointing Apostolic Vicars for the benefit of the scattered flock of the faithful. Days of tolerance and freedom having now dawned for the Catholics in England, the Pope had come to the resolution which Pope Leo is now carrying into effect by creating the Archbishopric of Glasgow.

Besides the ecclesiastical Province, consisting of the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and of the four Bishoprics of Aberdeen, Dunkeld, Wigton or Galloway, and Argyle and the Isles, the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh will comprise the counties of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, Haddington, Berwick, Selkirk, Peebles, Roxburgh, Southern Fife to the right of the Eden river, and Stirlingshire, excepting the territories of Baldernock and East Kilpatrick. The See of Glasgow will embrace the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Dumfries, the territories of Baldernock and East Kilpatrick, North Ayr, down to the meeting of the Lugton with the Garnock, and the great and small Cumbrian Islands. The Bishopric of Aberdeen will contain the counties of Aberdeen, Kincardine, Banff or Moray, Nairn, Ross, excepting Lewis in the Hebrides, Cromarty, Sutherland, Caithness, the Orkneys and the Shetland Isles, and finally that part of Invernesshire north of a line drawn from the north end of Lake Linne to the eastern part of the county bordering on Banffshire and Aberdeenshire. In the Diocese of Dunkeld are included the counties of Perth, Forfar or Angus, Clackmannan, Kinross, and north of Fife to the left of the Eden River, as well as the enclaves of Stirlingshire scattered in the territories of Perth and Clackmannan. Wigton or Galloway will include the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright. Wigton and Ayr, left of the confluence of the Lugton with the Garnock. Finally, Argyle and the Isles will embrace Argyleshire, and the islands of Bute and Arran, the Hebrides, and South Invernesshire, according to the line drawn from Lake Linne to the eastern border of said shire.

The Pope reserves power to introduce alterations or additions to the hierarchy now established, defines the rights and attributes of the Bishops, and prescribes the rules of their intercourse with the Holy See, their periodical visits to Rome, their connection with the congregations of the Propaganda, etc. Against any one opposing or interfering with this creation of the Scotch hierarchy, the Pope threatens the indignation of the Almighty and of His blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul.

Family Reading.

EASTER MORNING.

I.

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise! and with hands that are glowing
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flashes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
While He slept, she was still with pain,
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

O hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
O listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Enrich the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valley she speeds on the wing,
Till the earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises
And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens
Upon the Beautiful Gates!
He is here! The long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
"We shall rise!" is the song of to-day.
O Muse! no longer languishing
On pious or tremulous flame
Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The font is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,
And far up the infinite height
Archangels the psalm re-echo,
And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

—Harper's Magazine.

A LOVE LESSON.

BY MRS. SARA L. BURTON.

In a shady corner of a hot-house there lived a motherly old violet, surrounded by her children. Their home was a rough, moss-covered flower-pot, which she did her best to cover and adorn, by hanging over a curtain of glossy, pointed leaves, and placing her little ones where they could be best seen and admired. She thought they were so pretty and modest no one would care for the shabby old house; and she would say, with motherly pride:

"Now hold up your heads, dears, and be as sweet as you can."

And they would open their tiny mouths and send little puffs of fragrance over the walls of their garden to their more splendid neighbors.

They were very happy and contented in their quiet nook; the dear mother sitting in the centre, where she could best reach the nourishment from the roots, and pass it to the young ones scattered around her.

Even the cross old Scotch gardener, who scolded other flowers for climbing too much, or running too fast, always had a kind word for the violets, calling them his "bonny, sweet things."

I never counted the number of the children, but they seemed to be peeping from under every leaf, bending and nodding to each other, and after their evening shower-bath would hide under their green umbrellas, each one with a drop of dew sparkling in her blue bonnet.

In so large a number of children, the mother should have thought herself lucky to have only one naughty one. I've known smaller families that would have been thankful for naughtiness in that proportion. But this good mother mourned over the one discontented and envious child, who would cry:

"I am tired of being cramped down in this dull, musty corner, and stifled with such a crowd of children. And I am ashamed, anyway, of being such a common little thing. No one thinks of taking us to any of the fine weddings or dinners. We're just fit for sick-rooms, or, once in a while, to take an airing in a poor dandy's button-hole, for you can buy a dozen of us on any street-corner for a few pennies! I had rather, a thousand times, be one of those vulgar nasturtiums, running about the ceiling and staring down at everybody, even if they did make a pickle of me at last. I wonder where they are taking all the beautiful big flowers! Some grand doings—but no one thinks of us!"

The dear mother's heart ached over this foolish child, and during the long, dark hours of the night, when the other flowers were asleep, she would rock back and forth on her slender stem, and worry like any woman who has a naughty boy or girl, and lies awake over it.

Now it was the evening before a great festival, and while weeping and bemoaning herself, she was frightened into silence by a rustle among the leaves near by, and the appearance of a little figure, clad all in green, bearing a lantern made of a white lily. She was so small that her head just reached to the violet's ear, into which she whispered:

"Come, dry your tears, for I have been sent to comfort you. Take up the little one quietly, so as not to waken her, and we'll teach her foolish heart a love lesson."

When the young violet awoke she was stunned at the sight.

They were in a splendid church, the air filled with the fragrance of flowers, and throbbing with heavenly music. Sweet voices were singing:

"Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the world no more."

It was only the choir rehearsing the Easter hymn, but little Violet thought surely they were the angels her mother had told her of, and that the bright lights were the stars in heaven.

The green fairy had left her lantern outside, so she took the trembling blue flower in her arms, and carried her into the chancel, where they could see all the rare and costly flowers, given as a thanksgiving by grateful hearts, for the blessed gift on the first Easter-day.

She pointed to the great windows wreathed with rare vines, their deep recesses bright as garden beds; to the beautiful sculptured font brimming over with color and sweetness; to costly vases filled with roses. There were emblems of the Christian graces; wreaths and crowns of victorious Faith; anchors for holy Hope, hearts for sweet Charity and Love.

But the crowning-point of all was a pure white cross, standing on the altar, and rising from a bed of stately Easter lilies. There was no stain of color, except where on its transverse bar it bore the legend:

"CHRIST IS RISEN."

And the small blue flowers, forming the letters, and blessed above all others by this holy use, were violets.—*Wide Awake.*

BUSTLE AND HURRY.

There is an element in modern life which is radically hostile to the cultivation or even the retention of fine manners. This is its extreme hurry and its constant bustle. Fine manners require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub, jostling, and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners require time; indeed, they take no note of time. A person of fine manners may himself always be punctual; but he can scarcely preserve his fine manners while laboring to compel other people to be so. Fine manners are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. Fine manners take their time over everything. This is not to say that they are inconsistent with exertion or even great energy. But the exertion must be equable; the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical. Watch different orders or persons proceeding to take the train from one place to another. Persons of an inferior condition of life appear to be deeply tormented with the idea that they will fail to catch it. They arrive out of breath, though they are ten minutes before the time fixed for starting. They bustle over the taking of their tickets, they scramble for a place in some carriage or other; the whole business is with them one of haste and disquietude. People of a higher grade, but still of what is ordinarily termed a middle condition of life, do not manifest so much incoherent solicitude as all this. But they are fidgety and uncertain. They trouble themselves and their neighbors instead of taking the matter quietly and as a matter of course. People of fine manners do not exhibit these symptoms of gratuitous distress. They take all reasonable care to be at the station in time, but as they cherish an immovable be-

lief that five minutes are always and invariably of the same length, and that the hour-hand moves no faster even if their own pulse does, they are content to abide by the law of cause and consequence, and entertain no doubt that having given themselves an abundant interval for traversing a well-ascertained distance, it will be accomplished in the period duly allotted to it. There is perfect repose in the taking of their tickets, in the dispatch of their baggage, in the selection of their places. Persons who do not understand that this method of procedure is a second nature with many, and a first nature with some, half-playfully denigrate those they see practicing it as "cool hands." But where in the world is there any necessity for heat, or for that feverish trepidation which accompanies the smaller movements of people who have not learned, to use a not inapt phrase to be met with in a modern poem, that there is nothing so tedious as haste?—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

HOW VICTOR EMANUEL MISSED THE THRONE OF ENGLAND.

It is a curious fact, and one that is not generally known, that King Victor Emanuel was, by the direct law of succession, the rightful King of England. He was descended in a direct line from Charles I. The youngest daughter of that unhappy monarch, the Princess Henrietta Maria, married Gaston d'Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. She died, leaving two daughters. The eldest became Queen of Spain, and died childless. The younger married the heir to the House of Savoy and was the ancestress of the late King of Italy. After the Revolution of 1688, when the right to succession to the British throne was settled by act of Parliament, the House of Savoy was excluded on account of the Catholic religion professed by its members. The House of Hanover, of which Queen Victoria is the representative, was several removes farther from the direct succession, deriving, as it did, its claims from James I., through Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and her daughter, the Electress Sophia. A striking commentary on the consequence of human actions is afforded by this story of a royal inheritance. When Charles the I. espoused a Catholic princess he could scarcely have imagined that by this act he was excluding his direct descendants from the throne of their fathers; and still less could his Queen have foreseen that she and the descendant of her favorite child so carefully trained by her in the tenets of her own religion, should be excluded from the throne of the Popes, and he himself installed upon the throne.

THE ALMOND TREE.

The almond tree is the first to bloom in Palestine, which it does in January, the coldest month in the year. Many of the allusions to the almond tree in Scripture are because of this fact. Hence, its name which in the Hebrew means "to hasten." Thus (in Jer. i. 11-12,) we read "The word of the Lord came unto me saying, 'Jeremiah, what seest thou?' And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, 'Thou hast well seen; for I will hasten my word to perform it.'"

And this fact that it is the earliest tree of all to blossom, that it hastens to bloom, shows us what a beautiful symbol of resurrection Aaron's rod "that brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds," was. It was commanded to be laid up in the ark of the testimony; beautiful pledge of resurrection, which is laid up in Christ for every believer.

The almond tree is the first tree that blossoms in Palestine; thus also is Christ "risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." He is the "first born from among the dead," and His resurrection is a pledge of the resurrection of all them who trust in Him. "Christ is the first fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming" (1 Cor. xv. 26). "At His coming" blessed hope! every time we see an almond or a peach tree (which are of the same family) we should think of that coming. But who are they who are raised at His coming? "They that are Christ's." How blessed then that belong to Him. Mother often says, "This is my little boy; this is my little girl." Can Jesus say the same of you? Can He say, this little boy, this little girl is one of the "little ones that believe on me?" (Matt. xviii. 6).

The almond tree blooms in January, the coldest but last month of winter in Palestine. Does not this too teach us something of Christ and His resurrection? Was not this world a cold, cold world towards Him? In crucifying Him, surely man's wickedness reached its highest pitch. Surely the coldness, indeed hatred, of the world towards God was then shown as never before. But Grace triumphed! He rose from the dead,

and in Him a new era commences. The sunshine of God's grace in Christ is now warming souls into life through that very death and resurrection.

Another interesting thing about the almond tree is, that, like the peach and apricot, its blossoms appear before its leaves. Does not that, too, teach us of our Lord Jesus Christ? The blossoms are promises of future leaves and fruits. Christ is risen from the dead, and in His resurrection we see the promise of future blessings, which promise will be realized when Rev. xxi. 2 is fulfilled. "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." But the pledge, the blossom of these millennial blessings, is already given in the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The almond tree is a native of Palestine—the promised land. It did not belong to Egypt, for almonds were among the presents taken down to Egypt by Jacob's sons (Gen. xlii. 11). Thus, also, we know that there is no promise of a glorious resurrection to those who remain in Egypt—the world; but He who has gained for us a place in heaven is Himself a native of it. Those who belong to Egypt, those, I mean, who prefer the world to Christ and choose to have their portion here, shall have no part in Christ and His glory hereafter; but, while those who have followed Him, inherit all these things, these will "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." (Rev. xxi. 8).—*Sower.*

WHY WOMEN SHOULD READ.

Lay aside the thought of our own rest and comfort, let us look a little higher. For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves. Many an unselfish mother has said, "Oh, I cannot take all this time, there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realize that she may do more for them in the end by cultivating herself than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their mother's opinions in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has "trotted around" to wait on them so long that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters keep "ma" in the back-ground because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear fine ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano, and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen though secret sense of loss as they kiss the dear withered cheek and think how much more of a woman "mother" might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.—*Scribner.*

JESUS MY ALL.

Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I enter, flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied,
But Jesus knows and will provide.

PEOPLE WHOM CHILDREN LOVE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Most people profess to love children. I have seldom met anybody who declared that he felt an aversion to them. Yet there are many who look on the little ones very much as though they were superfluous luxuries, pleasant to play with now and then. There are many more to whom they are simply interruptions and discomforts.

The people who have an honest, self-sacrificing and hearty love for children, are not always fathers and mothers. I know men and women who have never married, who are merely uncle and aunt to other folks' bairns, but who delight in every little human blossom which grows near their path. They comprehend the child-heart and tolerate the child-ways as the parent does not always. It is to them that the little girl goes

with her grief or her disappointment, to them that the lad appeals when some injustice has wounded his sense of right. They always have time to listen and time to soothe. And the loyal hearts of the young go out to return their kindness with a wonderful trust and fondness.

You cannot buy a child's love. You may load him with your gifts, and spend your money for his pleasure lavishly, while you are only awakening in him a desire for gain and an appetite for new toys. It is pitiable to observe how selfishness and ingratitude are cultivated in some little hearts by those who never approach the nursery without a bribe in their hand.

Teachers cannot hope for any success except as they can obtain the sympathy and affection of their classes.

A child loves a genuine character. The dancing eyes of Robbie and Jennie are very quick to see through shams. You may impose on older people, but you shall be weighed for what you are in the balances which are held by dimpled fingers. When I was a little girl, a lady, eccentric in appearance and unpollished in manner, but sweet and sound of nature, was a frequent guest in my father's house. Gradually it became understood that she was to spend most of her time there. At one time a question arose in the family council with regard to her remaining an inmate of our home, and she was herself taking part in the discussion, vigorously, as her way was, when a solemn little voice from a child, playing with his blocks on the floor, settled the debate. "There is room enough for Miss Polly," declared the golden-haired oracle of three, and room enough there continued to be. How we loved her, nestling in her ample lap, enjoying her deep tones and her cheery laugh, and feeling instinctively that under all this outer husk of roughness there was an inner self of refinement and worth. Depend upon it children will not cling closely to one whose nature is shallow, and whose tendencies are utterly frivolous.

Another thing which children love is simple-heartedness. Do you remember Mr. Dick, the half-mad philosopher who lived at Miss Betsy Trotwood's house? The boys at Doctor Strong's school adored him, and poor David Copperfield found him the best of companions, though his wits were wandering. But there are royally-endowed men, men of large culture, wide influence, glorious attainment, and lofty aims, who keep always the simplicity of children. They never lose it, and the little ones discover that there is something beautiful about them, and fearlessly follow them, quite unaware that there is any reason for awe, or that the world holds their companion in reverence. Macaulay's nephews and nieces adored him, knowing him not as an author but as a man.

I think too that children are greatly attracted by a true love for Christ outshining from any nature. When Jesus was here the little ones went to Him confidently, and they are as ready now to go to those in whom He reveals Himself. If we are so often in communion with our Lord, that we are being even now changed from one image of Him to another, day by day, we shall be so sweet, so patient, and so tender, that the children will delight in our society. We will not invade their rights, nor hurt their feelings, nor ignore their presence. We cannot obey the command, "Feed my lambs," unless we love Him, and love them, and they love us. Let us try, for the children's sake, to cultivate those graces which are most Christ-like.—*S. S. World.*

"Hushed be the murmuring thought!

Thy will be done!

O Arbitrer of life and death! I bow
To thy command. I yield the precious gift
That was bestowed, and to the silent grave
Move sorrowing, yet submissive.
Peace, my bursting heart!
Oh! I submit. Thy will be done!"

Useful Hints and Recipes.

SMOKY STOVES.—There is a very simple way of avoiding the disagreeable smoke and gas which always pour into the room when the fire is lit in the stove, heater, or fire on a damp day. Put in the wood and coal as usual; but before lighting them, ignite a handful of paper or shavings, placed on the top of the coal. This produces a current of hot air in the chimney which draws up gas and smoke at once. Not one out of every fifty persons ever thinks of this.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Mash well-cooked potatoes when quite hot, remove all lumps, put to it a teaspoonful powdered sugar, butter size of an egg, salt, and two or three well-beaten eggs. Press into a pear or cone shape glass till well shaped (butter or wet the glass before putting in the potatoes). When quite cold, dip into raw egg and bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

Miscellaneous.

HEPATIC.

Brave blue-eyed herald of the tardy Spring,
Who, while thy laggard followers still sleep,
Courageously thy steadfast watch doth keep,
Glad tidings of her first approach to bring—
I wonder thy secret patience never fails,
Though wintry snows be deep on field and hill,
And from the sea the bitter blast blows chill,
That no weak doubt thy trusting heart heart as-
sails,
I marvel at thy subtle chemistry,
Which can from the cold earth such faith dis-
till,
And, from gray skies, such azure as doth fill
Thy gentle upturned eyes. Oh, lesson me,
Sweet sage! Courage and hope I'd learn of
thee,
And faith that fails not in adversity.
—Appleton's Journal.

SWEDEN.

Stockholm lacks the magnificent sunny sweep of the bay of Naples; it lacks too, the voluptuous light of Italy, that so wonderfully gilds and soothes an Italian landscape into a scene of silken beauty. But with the exception of Naples and Edinburgh it is the most nobly situated capital of Europe. The Malar lake, on whose pregnant emerald slopes it lies—or rather in and about which Stockholm runs like an incrustation of rare reposse work—is, on a limited scale, a miniature St. Lawrence, full of islands, turreted and twisted into a thousand insular eccentricities, fantastic with foam and firs, covered with the richest umbrage, bright with castles and chateaux, and made alive by a singularly vivacious population. Stockholm itself is a string of islands, linked together by bridges. The crowning architectural feature of the town is the slottet, or royal residence, built upon a lofty islet, and commanding the whole scene with its massive square walls. A beautiful causeway, the Norsbro, lined by low shops and leading down by a stairway to the famous Stromparterre, connects it with the great square and royal theatre. It is one of the finest sights imaginable to stand on this causeway and watch the people drifting over, the thronging ships and steamers in the winding lake beneath, and the brilliant and buoyant life all around.

The royal castle is a many-sided monster; a vast library, a museum, splendid state apartments, and a sumptuous hall are contained within its huge quadrangle. European palaces are not prepossessing in general; they look like immense jails—penitentiaries for princes—with no end of cob-webbed window glass, and habitable only here and there in certain suites of rooms, like oases in the desert. The quays around and beneath the Slottet are lined with Russian, Danish, Dutch and English ships. Statues of Gustavus Adolphus, Gustavus Vasa, and Charles XII.—a remarkable one of the latter by Molin—surrounded by four mortars, captured in his wars, stands in the Place Charles XII.—are as numerous as the bronze Dukes of Wellington, in London, prancing to battle in every square and charging unimaginable enemies on brazen steeds. The apotheosis of brass is really becoming intolerable. One can hardly take a step in continental towns but heroes and martyrs are grimacing and pirouetting from pyramids or granite. The statue of Charles XII., though striking enough in itself, is on a singularly low pedestal. A fine fountain, also by Molin, and a statue of Charles XIII. adorn the same sunny and sylvan square. A little alley leads to the square commemorative of the great chemist, Berzelius.

The beauty of Stockholm is its blending of rushing melodic water, towering islands and rich umbrageous suburbs. Its island clusters are girded by a perpetual sinuous sunlight of changeable water.

THE TURKISH PROVINCES.

These beautiful but terribly scourged regions, occupying the great highway between the Orient and the Occident, had been, for centuries before the coming of the Turk, the battle-field of nations. Since the earliest records of history, they have been harvest fields, whence tyrants and warriors have drawn the human instruments for their conflicts. The Thracians and Macedonians were thus used in their day; and so the Albanians, Slavonians and Magyars of the period are so famous as good material for soldiers. In ancient times these fields bore the most varied medley of nationalities, which Philip and Alexander of Macedon sought to conquer and use for the completion of their great armies. Then the Romans ruled here, and fought with the mighty Germanic Goths. Finally when the Huns penetrated to the west, crushing the migration of other nationalities, the valleys of the Danube, and the lands beyond the Balkan range, became for five hundred years the wild habitation of the most diverse people. Germanic,

Turkish, and Slavonic tribes followed each other in quick succession; and their names as devastators or rulers are inscribed in the history of the Balkan Peninsula, like the ever changing and fantastic colors of the kaleidoscope. At last in the fourteenth century came the Turkish hordes in such numbers from the East, that they made themselves lords of the land, and threatened to overrun half of Europe.

And how mighty was at one time this realm of the Osmanlis! The followers of the Prophet had conquered lands in which Christianity had been rooted for centuries. The classic soil of the Apostles, Corinth and Ephesus, Nice, the city of Synods, Antioch, Nicomedeia, and Alexandria, were subjugated to their power. The very cradle of Christianity and the grave of the Saviour, Palestine and Jerusalem, fell into the hands of the Moslems, who contested their possession against the combined attack of all the prowess and chivalry of the Christianity of the West. It was for them to consecrate the church of St. Sophia, in which for a thousand years Christ and the saints had been honored, to the worship of Allah and the prophet. At the very epoch when Christians were contending in Constance, about religious creeds, when the attempted reconciliation between the Greek and Catholic Church was proving to be a failure, and when forty millions of Protestants were preparing to renounce their allegiance to the papacy—at that epoch the Turks were penetrating victoriously into the heart of Europe. Even the Roman emperor fled before them from his capital of Vienna, and the mighty Gothic cathedral of St. Stephen's narrowly escaped becoming a mosque, as had St. Sophia in Byzantium. Only a little less than two hundred years ago, German and Polish heroes annihilated the vast and superior army of Kara Mustafa before the walls of Vienna. It was the last time the standard of the prophet was unfolded in the heart of Europe, when even the vine-clad cities of the Rhine trembled at the name of the Turk. —National Repository.

A QUEER ENGLISH CUSTOM.

Toe ancient ceremony of tossing the pancake took place on the 5th inst. (Shrove Tuesday), in the great school-room at Westminster. After the Latin prayers at twelve o'clock the college cook, preceded by an Abbey beadle, marched up the school-rooms, carrying the pancake in a frying-pan. This pancake is made, not of flour and eggs, but of putty, and well greased to make it fly from the pan. The cook's object is to throw this pancake over an iron bar, from which formerly hung a curtain, separating the upper from the under school. On the further side of the bar, which is some twenty-five feet perhaps from the floor, stands an expectant crowd of boys, every one of whom is eager to seize the pancake as it falls, and bear it off entire to the Deanery, where a reward of a guinea awaits the fortunate possessor. The cook also, if he does not fail to throw the pancake over the bar, obtains a guinea. This year the cook was successful in his first attempt, and sent the pancake flying well over the bar into the middle of the crowd awaiting it. Then came the battle, or rather, in Westminster parlance, the "greeze." Up and down, backwards and forwards, surged the crowd of boys, and finally, when Dr. Scott interfered to disperse the mass, a broken form remained as evidence of the struggle. No one, however, was fortunate enough to obtain the pancake in its entirety, but several possessed small portions, which were afterwards exhibited as trophies to admiring groups of friends and no doubt will be kept as reminiscences of the "pancake greeze" of 1878. It is now six years since any one succeeded in getting the whole pancake. There were a few visitors present, who, with the masters, watched the proceedings from a respectful distance. —London Week.

ST. SOPHIA.

It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times, for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater, at Rome, have been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was 30 years in building it, (A. D. 538-568,) from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's Temple at Ephesus, and that of the Sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were

adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters, (one letter, Alif, is said to be 30 feet long,) on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognise, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs. One of the most highly cultivated and widely-travelled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe, he felt, when he entered St. Sophia, that it far transcended them all; that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Ferguson, in his *History of Architecture*, says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic, models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps, the cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it, than in St. Peter's itself. —Macmillan's Magazine.

USES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

For public uses, we shall have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved as photograph books now are. The utterances of great speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the stereopticon, we shall go to public halls to hear these treasures of speech and song brought out and reproduced as loud, or louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ear of the phonograph and the electrolytized cylinders thence obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the street, and shall hear the actual voice of the artist, Nilsson or Miss Cary ground out at every corner.

In public exhibitions, also, we shall have reproductions of the sounds of nature, and of noises familiar and unfamiliar. Nothing will be easier than to catch the sounds of the waves in the beach, the roar of Niagara, the discords of the streets, the noises of animals, the puffing and rush of the railroad train, the rolling of thunder or even the tumult of a battle.

When popular airs are sung into the phonograph, and the notes are then reproduced in reverse order, very curious and beautiful musical effects are oftentimes produced, having no apparent resemblance to those contained in their originals. The instrument may thus be used as a sort of musical kaleidoscope, by means of which an infinite variety of new combinations may be produced from the musical compositions now in existence.

The speaking phonograph will, doubtless, be applied to bell-punches, clocks, complaint boxes in public conveyances and to toys of all kinds. It will supersede the short-hand writer in taking letters by dictation and in the taking of testimony before referees. Phonographic letters will be sent by mail, the foil being wound on paper cylinders of the size of a finger. It will recite poems in the voice of the author, and reproduce the speeches of celebrated orators. Dramas will be produced in which all the parts will be "well spoken—with good accent, and good discretion;" the original matrice being prepared on one machine provided with a rubber tube having several mouthpieces; and Madame Tussaud's figures will hereafter talk, as well as look, like their great prototypes! —Scribner.

Selections.

A Russian proverb: "The knife you sharpen on a poor man's fingers will cut off your own hand."

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumph mine.

A charitable untruth, and uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be carefully avoided of him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way. —Bishop Hall.

Tasso, being urged to avenge himself upon a man who had done him many injuries, said: "I wish to take from him neither his property, nor his life, nor his honors, but only his ill-will toward me."

"Men die, and their trophies of pride are buried in the dust, but their thoughts live. All truth is indestructible, and survives both names and marbles." —John Lord.

We are all, in a sense, our brother's keeper. Is there a poor, down-hearted man in your community whom sickness and misfortune have reduced? Don't give him the cold shoulder, as is the world's custom when a person is unfortunate. Cheer him, and see if it will not infuse new life into his heart. Do more.

And I said in under-breath, "All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest.
—Mrs. Browning.

Oh, what encouragement is for you, who, like Daniel, are greatly beloved, who study much the book of God's word, and who set your face unto the Lord by "prayer and supplication" to seek gifts for the Church of God! Sometimes the vapors that ascend in the morning come down in copious showers in the evening; so may it be with the prayers of God's children. —McCheyne.

For what is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature—the resurrection of nature from a winter grave—or the emancipation of the butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of risen dead; for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No; the life of the Spirit is the evidence. Heaven begun is the living proof that makes the heaven to come credible. "Christ in you is the hope of glory." It is the eagle eye of faith which penetrates the grave, and sees far into the tranquil things of death. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection in him already. —F. W. Robertson.

Science and Art.

Several rooms at Versailles hitherto closed to the public are to be opened from May 1. They contain as many as 1,000 historic portraits, dating from the foundation of the monarchy to 1790.

The old steward who is holding up his hands in plate 11 of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* is a portrait of Edward Swallow, butler to Archbishop Herring, of Canterbury. Hogarth had been greatly struck with the honesty and simplicity of the old fellow's face.

CONSTANT EARTH CURRENTS.—Dr. Richard Owen, Professor of Geology in the State University of Indiana, has been conducting a series of experiments to determine the direction of underground currents of electricity. He finds their general direction to be from the Northwest. A continuous current from the atmosphere into the ground below it, is also reported.

BURNING SEWER GAS.—San Francisco authorities are considering with favor a proposition to get rid of sewer gas by burning it. The method is simple, consisting chiefly of such connection of the sewers with the street lamps, that when the latter are lighted they will burn the sewer gas along with the carburetted hydrogen. The addition of the sewer gas is said to have no appreciable effect upon the light. Professor Davidson, in response to an invitation to express his views on the subject, speaks very favorably of the scheme. *The Bulletin* refers to it as the invention of a San Francisco lady.

HEAT OF THE HUMAN BODY.—Surgeon Major Crosse Johnston, of the British army, has lately made a remarkable report as to the heat of the body in different climates. This is put down in medical works as being in temperate climates about 98.4 Fahrenheit, and Dr. Becker has estimated the increase in hot climates at 0.5 Fahrenheit to one degree of increase in the temperature of the atmosphere. In September, 1876, at Bellary, where the mean temperature was 81.7, Dr. Johnston made observations morning and night for a week upon sixteen healthy men, who had been residing in India at least three years, and found that the temperature under the arm had a mean of 97.68 only, which is lower than the calculation of Dr. Becker, or than the mean temperature of men in temperate climates. The experiments were repeated with the utmost care, and went to confirm the conclusion that the heat of the body is lower in tropical than in temperate climes.

CHEAP ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.—The youth who study science now have great advantages over their fathers. Books on scientific subjects are written more simply, and the experiments suggested are less costly than the older ones. A further improvement has been devised by preparing cheap sets of apparatus for the illustration of an entire branch of science. In carrying out this plan with respect to electrical science, the well-known work of Professor Tyndall has been followed, and apparatus is provided to execute each of the experiments he describes. Any of the pieces of apparatus can be bought separately at an average of about a dollar apiece; the whole set for that science costing \$55. With such apparatus in his hands, a student learns to think and operate for himself, far more effectively than with costly machines, which he is rarely permitted to use. The system has been developed, and already has been found of good service in the furtherance of intelligent educational work; the apparatus being neatly made, presents an attractive appearance, and helps to interest the scholar in the care and management of the tools of science.

POWER OF THE WAVES.—Those who have never lived on a stormy coast, nor been to sea, can form no adequate idea of the effect that can be produced by the impact of a succession of waves or of a single wave. What has happened at Wick, on the extreme northeastern coast of Scotland, where a breakwater has been building for some years past, may give an idea of what is meant by wave-power. It was found that stones of ten tons weight were as pebbles to the waves, which have been measured to be here forty-two feet from the crest to the bottom of the trough. The outer end of the breakwater, where the storms beat most violently, was built of three courses of one-hundred-ton stones laid on the rubble foundations; next above these were three courses of large flat stones, and upon this a mass of concrete, built on the spot, of cement and rubble. The end of the breakwater was thought to be as immovable as the natural rock; yet the resident engineer saw it slowly yield to the

force of the waves, and swing round into the less troubled water inside the pier. It gave way not in fragments, but in one mass, as if it was a monolith. The displaced mass is estimated to weigh about 1,350 tons.

Personal.

Professor Taylor Lewis has had his memory appropriately honored by his friends, who have shown their regard in a practical manner by making a handsome gift to the Professor's family.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant is now eighty-four years old, having been born in 1791. He thinks nothing of a long walk, and steps off with the elasticity of youth. He is a small man, while his portraits give the idea of a large one.

Princess Mary of Teck is so patriotically warlike that she is called the "Queen of the Jingoos." The other day the English Premier was dining with her Royal Highness. "You have," she said, "the Queen with you, Parliament and the country; what more do you want?" Lord Beaconsfield glanced at his plate, and solemnly replied, "Potatoes, ma'am."

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is understood, will deliver the next course of the Lyman Beecher Lectures in the Divinity School of Yale College. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. John Hall, Phillips Brooks, and Rev. Dr. Dale, of England, have been the lecturers thus far.

Books and Periodicals.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for May contains a large amount of fascinating, instructive reading matter, and most of the articles are beautifully illustrated. The variety is very great, adapting itself to the wants and tastes of all. The table of contents is as follows: Coast Rambles in Essex. Illustrated: The Italian Poets. Illustrated: The Silent Trust. A Poem: The Story of Jean Malcom. Old Illustrated: Four Poems by Michael Angelo. Old Illustrated: Masters. III. Peter Paul Rubens. Illustrated: The Italian Poet in Exile. A Poem: Along the Havel. Illustrated: Song Birds of the West. Illustrated: Easter Morning. A Poem. Illustrated: Macleod of Dare. A Novel. Illustrated: The Return of the Native. A Novel. Book Second. Illustrated: My Nephew's Crotchets. A Story: Free Muscular Development: Why Jack went to Europe. A Story: The English Civil Service: May-Flower. A Poem: Editor's Easy Chair: Editor's Literary Record: Editor's Scientific Record: Editor's Historical Record: Editor's Drawer. Terms, \$4.00 for one year. *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Bazar* will be furnished with the *Magazine* to one address for \$10.00 per annum, or two of the periodicals for \$7 per year.

Contents of WIDE AWAKE for May, 1878: Frontispiece, "Dropping Corn." Drawn by Mary A. Lathbury; Dropping Corn. Poem, Mary B. C. Slade. Illustrated: Frontispiece; Bobby's Shirts, Mrs. Annie A. Preston. Illustrated by Miss Plympton; Left-Handed Luck, Louise Stockton; Muffy, Poem, Laura Sanford; The Child Tollers of Boston Streets, V. Y. The Fruit-Venders, Emma B. Brown. Illustrated by Katherine Peirson; Rubber Boots, Poem, Adelaide G. Waters. Illustrated by Miss Plympton; "True Blue." Chapter VIII., Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill; The Children's Garden, Mrs. Louise B. Goodell; Classics of Babylonia. Second Series. I. Anadin. Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury; The Story of English Literature. III. The Early Drama and Dramatists, Lucy Cecil White (Mrs. Lillie). Illustrated: How the Froglies go to (Mrs. Lillie). Illustrated: How the Froglies go to Sleep. Poem, J. K. Nutting. Illustrated by L. Hopkins; A General Misunderstanding, Chapter VIII., Charles R. Talbot. Illustrated by L. Hopkins; Poets' Homes. XVII. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Arthur Gilman. Illustrated: Number Nine, Belle Stuart. Illustrated by "Box." Galileo's Tower, Mrs. Alfred Macy. Illustrated from Photographs; Clean Hands, Pure Lips, Mary D. Brine. Illustrated: Discoveries in the Moon. Verse, O. Howard; Little Muslin of Quintillon Square. V. She Works Her Father Some Slippers, John Brownjohn. Illustrated by L. Hopkins; Daisy and the Purple-ha-bay. Large Print. Verse, Mrs. J. Miller. Illustrated: "Wide Awake Sewing Societies and Knitting Bells" Tangled Knots, Kit Clinton; Music, "Purr, Purr, Purr." Price, 20 cents a number, \$2.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., 30 and 32 Franklin St., Boston.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for May has several papers of special interest. The first is an elaborately-illustrated article on "Rapid Transit in New York," which gives views of the elevated roads now nearing completion, describes and illustrates the method of constructing the Gilbert road, and includes engravings of the various plans for transit that have been proposed, thus affording a complete pictorial history of the subject. It is a paper that will be read everywhere with interest, inasmuch as elevated railways in cities are an experiment that is watched in all parts of the country with close attention. The second article of special interest is a collection of hitherto unpublished correspondence by Edgar A. Poe, gathered from original sources by J. H. Ingram, the English biographer of the poet. The letters were written in the last three years of the poet's life, and throw a new light upon a part of the poet's career never hitherto explored, viz., his relations with three high-minded women, around whose names the documents naturally group themselves. Julian Hawthorne has the first part of a striking monograph, entitled "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds;" Dr. Guernsey gives a graphic description of the African King, Misa, whom Stanley affirms he converted to Christianity; Lucy Hooper writes from Paris a description of some of the more important French pictures designed for the Paris Exposition; Nora Perry has a short story, "For Love of Her;" there is a paper on "Real and Ideal Houses," in which the *bric-a-brac* mania is well hit; and the editorial and book departments are not less interesting than usual.

The April Number of THE COMPLETE PREACHER opens with a third volume of this valuable sermonic magazine. The present issue is very interesting number, containing the following sermons in full: (1) Why Christians Believe the Doctrine of Future Everlasting Punishment, by Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. This sermon meets most ably Canon Farrar's challenge to prove the doctrine of an Endless Hell, independent of the words "Hell," "Damnation" and "Everlasting," as contained in our English translation of the Bible. (2) The Judgment Day, by H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, London. (3) The Misery of Man, by Adolphe Monod, D.D., the greatest of modern French Protestant preachers, translated for this publication by J. E. Rankin, D.D., Washington, D. C. (4) Aaron's Death—Life's Review: A Plea for Earnest Self-Examination, by Theodor Christlieb, D.D., the most eloquent of German Divines, and the one who awoke so great enthusiasm at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, translated by A. C. Wedekind, D.D. (5) The False Light—A Reply to Canon Farrar, by Justin D. Fulton, D.D. Published by The Religious Newspaper Agency, New York. Price, 25 cents. Per year, \$2.00.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 1766.—April 20, 1878. Contents: A Broad-Church Bishop, *Church Quarterly Review*; Macleod of Dare, *Advance Sheets*; Mr. French's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," *Contemporary Review*; Erica, *Frau von Ingerleben*; The Analogies of Plant and Animal Life, *Nature*; The Tobacco-Tax in Germany, *Spectator*; The Gardener Bird, *Spectator*; The Legitimate Sphere of Agnosticism, *Spectator*; Poetry: Death's Changed Face; The Explorer. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

The dictionaries define a dastard as "a coward," "one who meanly shrinks from danger." We do not know of a class to whom the term may be more appropriately applied than to college students, who mask themselves, and seek the darkness of night as an additional cover, in making assaults upon their fellows. In some of the recent college outrages, it has been very difficult to identify the parties committing the violence, on account of the pre-

cautions taken by the students to avoid recognition. Can anything be more cowardly, than for a dozen or a half dozen young men, to enter at midnight the room of one or two unprotected youths for the purpose of inflicting bodily injury, when all the odds and advantages are on the side of the assailants? Burglars arm and mask themselves, because they expect to be repulsed, but these college heroes have no thought of exposing their precious persons to any resistance which they cannot overcome by superior numbers and no thought of exposing themselves to detection. They must have helpless victims to prey upon, and even then must have their identity concealed. If there is anything meaner or more dastardly than this we do not know it.

A gentleman who is now sojourning in Europe, and who has seen the accounts in the papers of the valorous exploits of our American Collegians, writes:

"If the college students in the United States had any idea of the contempt with which hazing is regarded by college men in the Old World, they would be ashamed of it. There the love of fun and frolic shows itself in deeds of violence, it is very true; but the sense of honor compels every man to give others fair play: it forbids taking a mean advantage: coming upon an unarmed victim by surprise and inflicting bodily injury when he is unable to defend himself. Two to one, five to two, a dozen strong fellows setting upon two or three, such cowardly conduct is unheard of in institutions to which gentlemen resort. An atmosphere pervades the universities here that prevents or forbids such meanness."

The *Lutheran Standard* thus discourses on "The True Basis of Education."

It is an encouraging sign of the times that we discover in the fact of the necessity of the religious element in education being insisted upon by many writers on the school-question. It is true, they generally seem to think that the State ought to make its schools and colleges, in part at least, a sort of religious instructors, without defining very clearly to what extent this instruction is to be carried. But even the mere discussion of the matter, inviting as it does, a careful consideration of the principles involved, and of the tendencies becoming more manifest every day, will no doubt do some good. In proportion as the hope that our public schools can be made religious in any approximately satisfactory sense must be abandoned as a vain one—the tendency rather being more and more to secularize and paganize them,—the necessity of establishing independent religious schools is pressed upon Christian conscience. A writer in the *N. Y. Observer* very aptly says: "Any right education, without this one thing—namely, the quality of a moral sense instructed and guided by the Word of God—is impossible. It is a pretence, the greatest of all frauds that a State can commit upon its own subjects; giving them stones and a serpent when they ask for bread; giving them an insurance of prosperity in this world, without regard to that which is to come; 'good for this world, if there be no hereafter'; constructing harbors for them without lighthouses, and building lighthouses upon quicksands; sowing their fields with wind, to bring forth the whirlwind: for such is the natural retribution that must come upon any people in this world, who, having once had the light of the Word of God in their government and in their schools, have expelled it from both, under pretence of an impartial conscience towards the men who do not believe in God. This tells the whole story: 'Their fear towards me is taught by the precepts of men; therefore the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and their harvest shall be of the lies which they have sown.' Without religious truth we are without moral truth, and such an education is as a tree cut off from the roots."

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Heidelberg Reformed church in this city, of which the Rev. James I. Good is pastor, on Sunday, the 14th instant. The occasion was one of deep interest and solemnity. The number of communicants was large, and forty-four persons were added to the church, fifteen by confirmation, eighteen by certificate, and eleven by renewed profession. Thirty were added at the previous communion, making the additions to the church during the present pastorate, which commenced in October last, seventy-four. Services were held every evening during the three weeks previous to the day of communion, which were well attended, and highly appreciated by all who were present. During the past winter, it has been the custom of the pastor to lecture at the services during the week from twenty to thirty minutes on some portion of the Heidelberg Catechism prior to entering upon the devotional services, and he has endeavored in all his teachings to impress on the hearts of his hearers the absolute necessity of a life communion with God through Christ, in order to salvation, or profitable membership in the Church. The congregation has indications of a prosperous future before it.

In connection with the Easter communion held in the church at Allentown, Pa., of which the Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs is pastor, eighty-seven persons were added to the church by confirmation, after a due course of catechetical instruction, four of whom received adult baptism, and fourteen are heads of families, several over sixty years of age. The good Lord is thus greatly prospering the work He has entrusted to His servant's hands.

Rev. F. K. Levan, late Superintendent of Missions, has accepted a call from the Reformed church at Wilkesbarre, Pa. He has been laboring in this field for some time, and we are pleased to learn, with encouraging success. His post-office address is accordingly changed from Philadelphia to above-named place.

A more than usually interesting anniversary service was held by the Sunday-school connected with the church on Race street, below Fourth, in this city, of which the Rev. Dr. D. Van Horne is pastor, on Sunday evening, the 14th instant. It was its seventy-second anniversary. This marks it as one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Sunday-school in this city. The school was organized on the 14th of April, 1806. Of this fact, documentary evidence is at hand, so that there is no mere conjecture in regard to the matter. Forty scholars attended on the first day, and in a short time the number increased to one hundred. The mode of instruction differed considerably from that pursued at the present day. In this

matter, as well as in regard to other things, a great advance has been made.

The audience present at the late anniversary was very large, the entire space in the body of the large church, not occupied by the school, as well as the gallery, being closely packed with attentive and interested spectators. The exercises on the occasion were made up of considerable variety, in which the scholars themselves took a large part, not excluding the infant school. A number of hymns and anthems were sung; several recitations were had by the scholars; a brief annual report was read by the Superintendent, and short addresses were delivered by the pastor and two others. The whole passed off very happily and pleasantly, and the impression produced, we have reason to believe, was most salutary.

The school is in a prosperous condition. A considerable accession was made to the scholars during the year; one feature also in the programme for the anniversary, being the presentation of a book to each of the five scholars, who had brought in the highest number of new scholars during the year. The contributions for the year amounted to some five hundred dollars. The school has evidently taken a new start, and gives much promise for the future.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in Christ Reformed church, Green street, Philadelphia, Rev. G. H. Johnston, pastor, on Easter Sunday. Services were held every evening during Passion Week, except Saturday, and also on Good Friday morning, at which time services preparatory to the holy communion were held. Confirmation services were held on Friday evening, when eleven persons were admitted to membership in the church, three by confirmation and eight on certificate. A further accession to the church is expected on Whitsuntide. The pastor was assisted from Friday morning until the close of the services by the Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa. The whole occasion had more than usual interest thrown around it.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Schaeffer's and Dubb's churches, of the Codorus charge, Rev. J. D. Zehring, pastor, in the former on the 7th, and in the latter on the 14th of April. At the former place three members of a catechumen class of ten were confirmed, and fifty-two persons communed; and at the latter, twenty-five members of a class of twenty-seven catechumens were confirmed, of whom three are heads of families. One young man, who expected to be confirmed, died several weeks previous to the day of confirmation. At both places, the number of communicants was larger than usual, and much interest prevailed.

The Sunday-school connected with the church at Altoona, Pa., Rev. A. C. Whitmer, pastor, celebrated its tenth anniversary on Sunday afternoon of the 14th instant. A very favorable notice of the school and of its anniversary services appeared in the daily papers of the place on the following day. Singing, prayer, lifting of alms, reading of reports and addresses by the pastor and others, made up the programme of the occasion. The infant school also attracted considerable attention. Their youthful voices joined in happy melody to the Lord. The reciting of the Apostles' Creed in unison formed part of the closing exercises.

A large audience was present. The school is represented as being in a flourishing condition, and is especially commended for the happy influence exerted upon the scholars. The attendance during the year was unusually good, many scholars not having missed a single lesson.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The post-office address of the Rev. D. B. Lady, who has recently been installed pastor of the Brush Creek charge, is Manor Station, Westmoreland county, Pa.

WESTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Rev. J. F. H. Dieckman, of Galion, Ohio, has accepted a call from St. Luke's church, Louisville, Kentucky, and expects to commence his labors in his new field about the middle of May.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Klein, of Louisville, Ky., has accepted a call from the church at Galion, Ohio, and expects to enter upon the duties of his new field of labor at Whitsuntide. Thus, it would seem, Louisville and Galion have made an exchange of pastors.

WESTERN CHURCH.

The present post-office address of the Rev. W. Heusser is Fountain City, Buffalo county, Wis.

Rev. T. H. Stepler, of Carothers, Ohio, has accepted a call from the charge at Lima, Ohio, and expects to enter soon on the duties of his new field of labor.

DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL SYNOD.

In consequence of the fact, that several of the Classes did not, until recently, elect their delegates to the General Synod, or report them in the periodicals of the Church, the usual list of Delegates, which we publish on such occasions, must necessarily be incomplete. As far as they can be ascertained, however, they are here given.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

East Pennsylvania Classis.—Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs, S. A. Leinbach, Dr. T. C. Porter, and A. J. Herman, and Elders Jacob Rader, Thomas F. Rutz, Thomas Faust, and Geo. Hagenbach, *primarii*; and Rev. S. G. Wagner, D. Y. Heisler, W. R. Hofford, and F. O. Stem, and Elders Elias Troxell, Wm. Gruver, B. Ferner, and Louis Laux, *secundi*.

Lebanon Classis.—Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, Dr. B. Bausman, Dr. T. S. Johnston, and Dr. C. F. McCauley, and Elders John Melly, John F. Orth, F. W. Hoffman, and J. H. Michael, *primarii*; and Rev. A. E. Leinbach, Dr. F. W. Kremer, Dr. Geo. Wolf, and T. C. Leinbach, and Elders S. H. Madden, E. L. Kilmer, D. Weitzel, and E. B. Shuey, *secundi*.

Philadelphia Classis.—Rev. Dr. D. Van Horn, Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, and Dr. H. W. Supper, and Elders H. C. Hoover, Thos. Ingram, and Jacob Force, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. D. E. Klopp, J. H. Steuffer, and W. Sorber, and Elders H. M. Schaffer, W. Brownback, and R. W. Eastlack, *secundi*.

Lancaster Classis.—Rev. Dr. T. G. Apple, W. H. H. Snyder, and Dr. E. V. Gerhart, and Elders G. W. Hensel, W. H. Seibert, and G. Z. Kunkel, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. W. Gerhart, J. H. Dubbs, and C. Clever, and Elders J. Kistler, J. S. Wagner, and A. Mader, *secundi*.

East Susquehanna Classis.—Rev. C. S. Ger-

hard, J. K. Millet, and C. H. Reiter, and Elders J. Hilbush, G. Hill, and D. Eschbach, *primarii*; and Rev. G. W. Engle, G. D. Gurley, and A. R. Hottenstein, and Elders C. Newhard, C. Fenstermacher, and H. Snively, *secundi*.

West Susquehanna Classis. (Not elected.) *Goshenhoppen Classis.*—Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser and Elder D. B. Mauger, *primarii*; and Rev. L. J. Mayer and Elder John Holloway, *secundi*.

Tohickon Classis.—Rev. D. Rothrock and G. W. Roth, and Elders S. T. Morris and Jacob Harr, *primarii*; and Rev. J. G. Dengler and J. Kehm, and Elders T. O. Pearson and Daniel Gerhart, *secundi*.

SYNOD OF OHIO.

Miami Classis.—Rev. Dr. I. H. Reiter, Dr. S. Mease, and H. M. Herman, and Elders A. H. Baughman, W. Kefauver, and J. Siegfried, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. D. Winters, W. A. Hale, and J. Steiner, and Elders J. Swander, Geo. F. Wentz, and J. F. Kemp, *secundi*.

Lancaster Classis.—Rev. H. T. Spangler and Austin Brown, and Elders Geo. Hollman and Peter Brown, *primarii*; and Rev. M. Loucks and C. Hoyman, and Elders J. C. Allen and E. Beighler, *secundi*.

Tuscarawas Classis.—Rev. S. G. Goss and T. J. Bacher, and Elders T. W. Chapman and J. Weimer, *primarii*; and Rev. B. Herbruck and Dr. S. B. Leiter, *secundi*.

Tiffin Classis.—Rev. Dr. G. W. Williard and J. Richards, and Elders Louis Keller and John Hilbush, *primarii*; and Rev. N. H. Loose and L. H. Kefauver, and Elders G. Good and A. Sohn, *secundi*.

St. John's Classis.—Rev. Dr. P. Herbruck and Dr. P. Greding, and Elders C. Herzer and D. Zimmerman, *primarii*; and Rev. Dr. H. Korteheuer and W. H. Wittenweiler, and Elders G. Lautenschlager and C. Hanenkrat, *secundi*.

Eastern Ohio Classis.—Rev. E. H. Otting and Elder W. S. Winnings, *primarii*; and Rev. H. Hilbush and Elder J. Williard, *secundi*.

North Illinois Classis.—Rev. D. Lantz and Elder F. Bolender, *primarii*; and Rev. I. A. Sites and Elder C. T. Kleckner, *secundi*.

Shelby Classis.—Rev. D. S. Fosse and Elder D. Cort, *primarii*.

St. Joseph Classis.—Rev. J. R. Skinner and E. R. Williard, and Elders P. Jacoby and P. Loose, *primarii*; and Rev. L. Grosebaugh and W. H. Ziegler, and Elders J. H. App and S. A. Brownwell, *secundi*.

Cincinnati Classis.—Rev. J. Bachman and F. W. Berleman, and Elders H. Schroer and H. Winker, *primarii*; and Rev. B. R. Hucker and C. F. W. Stechow, and Elders C. Uhlbrock and H. Geule, *secundi*.

Kansas Classis.—Rev. J. A. Keller and Elder F. Isely, *primarii*; and Rev. J. A. Nicolai and Elder H. Mehrwein, *secundi*.

SYNOD OF THE NORTHWEST.

Indiana Classis.—Rev. Dr. J. H. Klein, S. N. Kessler, and P. Joeris, and Elders H. Marcus, W. Schaley, and P. Jundt, *primarii*; and Rev. L. Fraikshatis, M. B. I. Stern, and C. F. Keller, and Elders H. Schroer, C. Schmidt and D. Wenning, *secundi*.

Sheboygan Classis.—Rev. E. A. Muehlmeier and J. Blaetgen, and Elder A. Ortmeyer, *primarii*; and Rev. J. Hauser and W. Henschen, and Elders C. Weber and A. Scheele, *secundi*.

Heidelberg Classis.—Rev. J. H. Stepler, C. Wisner, and H. Rusterhiz, and Elders C. Vogt, P. Keller, and L. Schmidt, *primarii*; and Rev. M. Heinze, J. Viter, and E. F. A. Schade, and Elders G. Rier, G. Neidhart, and J. Hoeb, *secundi*.

Erie Classis.—Rev. J. C. Young and C. G. Zipf, and Elders B. Sturman, W. Becker, *primarii*; and Rev. F. Forick and W. Renter, and Elders A. Pretzer and A. Closs, *secundi*.

Milwaukee Classis.—Rev. A. Becker and F. P. Leich, and Elders F. Sanders and C. Frederick, *primarii*; and Rev. I. A. Meier and J. E. Terborg, and Elders M. Brown and G. Kremer, *secundi*.

Minnesota Classis.—Rev. J. H. C. Röntgen and Elder Peter Mades, *primarii*; and Rev. C. Oechsner and Elder Peter Flury, *secundi*.

Zion's Classis.—Rev. P. L. Dippell and C. F. Kriete, and Elders H. Boyer and H. Tons, *primarii*; and Rev. J. Nietoff and P. Ruhl, and Elders E. Vordermarand A. Mohr, *secundi*.

Nebraska Classis.—Rev. F. Hullhorst and Elder J. Max, *primarii*; and Rev. C. G. A. Hullhorst and Elder J. Reiter, *secundi*.

Ursinus Classis.—

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Westmoreland Classis.—Rev. J. M. Titzel and D. B. Lady, and Elders W. R. Barnhart and A. Cort, *primarii*; and Rev. J. I. Swander and J. W. Love, and Elders G. A. Bair and S. Kunkle, *secundi*.

Clarion Classis.—Rev. E. Hoffman and D. S. Dieffenbacher, and Elders H. Hoch and C. H. Beishouse, *primarii*; and Rev. J. H. Pennepacker and W. C. B. Shulenberger, and Elders D. Crawford and F. Stahlman, *secundi*.

St. Paul's Classis.—Rev. D. D. Leberman and Elder C. M. Boush, *primarii*; and Rev. J. H. Apple and Elder A. G. Apple, *secundi*.

Somerset Classis.—Rev. A. E. Truxal and Elder J. Horner, *primarii*; and Rev. L. D. Steckel and Elder W. Suder, *secundi*.

Allegheny Classis. (Not elected.)

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Zion's Classis.—Rev. Dr. I. S. Weisz, W. F. Culliflower, and G. W. Glessner, and Elders J. Heffelfinger, G. Julius, and E. Krone, *primarii*; and Rev. D. Gring, Dr. M. Kieffer, and J. Autt, and Elders F. M. McKeehan, C. A. Shultz, and H. A. Baschore, *secundi*.

Maryland Classis.—Rev. Dr. J. W. Santee, W. Goodrich, and E. R. Eschbach, and Elders L. Markell, J. T. Motter, and H. W. Shriver, *primarii*; and Rev. N. H. Skyles, A. S. Kremer, and J. S. Kieffer, and Elders G. S. Griffith, W. Zimmerman, and D. Zeller, *secundi*.

Mercersburg Classis. (Not elected.) *Virginia Classis.*—Rev. Dr. S. N. Callender and J. S. Loose, and Elders W. H. Bargelt and J. N. Nicely, *primarii*; and Rev. H. St. John Rinker and Dr. G. H. Martin, and Elders Emanuel Wise and J. Welshans, *secundi*.

North Carolina Classis.—Rev. Dr. G. W. Welker and J. H. Shufford, and Elders Heilman and Forney, *primarii*; and Rev. J. A. Foil and P. M. Trexler, and Elders Hedrick and Webb, *secundi*.

San Francisco Classis.—

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

New York Classis.—Rev. J. F. Busche and Elder G. Breit, *primarii*; and Rev. C. Brunner and Elder W. Miller, *secundi*.

West New York Classis.—Rev. J. B. Kniet and Elder H. Trautman, *primarii*; and Rev. H. C. Heyser and Elder A. Noack, *secundi*.

German Philadelphia Classis.—

German Maryland Classis.—
West Pennsylvania Classis.—

MATTERS TO BE REPORTED BY CLASSES TO GENERAL SYNOD.

In addition to the announcement made by Dr. Reiter in the MESSENGER last week, I would respectfully suggest the following action, also adopted by the General Synod at Fort Wayne, namely:

Resolved, That the Classes be directed to instruct their respective Stated Clerks to report nothing in their abstracts sent up to the General Synod hereafter, except those matters claiming the special attention of General Synod.

Stated Clerks and Blank Reports.

For the benefit of those whom it may concern, I would also respectfully call attention to the following action taken at the Synod of Allentown last fall, namely:

Resolved, That the different Classes connected with this Synod be directed to instruct their Stated Clerks to furnish their several pastors, each year, with a copy of the blank for a statistical report of a pastoral charge adopted by the General Synod, and also to use in their statistical report of Classes to Synod, the blank adopted by the General Synod for that purpose.

Minutes of Synod, page 48. D. W. G.

MEETING OF GENERAL SYNOD.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will convene in triennial sessions, in the First Reformed Church, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, May 15th, A. D. 1878, at 8 o'clock in the evening, when the opening sermon will be preached. The presence of all the delegates, who are required to appear with proper official credentials, is hereby respectfully requested.

ISAAC H. REITER,
Stated Clerk.

Miamisburg, O., April 8, 1878.

P. S. The attention of the Stated Clerks of the several Classes is hereby directed to the action of the General Synod at Fort Wayne, in 1875, Minutes, page 51, in regard to the admission of delegates to seats, namely:

"*Resolved*, That hereafter, before delegates to the General Synod can be admitted to seats, they must produce credentials from the proper authorities, according to Article 28 of the Constitution, which this Synod interprets to mean the Stated Clerk of Classis, with a certified list of members belonging to said Classis at the time of the meeting of the General Synod, and also the time and place of holding the election."

I. H. R.

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS FOR DELEGATES AND VISITORS TO THE GENERAL SYNOD AT LANCASTER, PA.

The Pennsylvania (including the United R. R. of New Jersey and Boston, Mass.), the Northern Central, the Philadelphia and Erie, and the Cumberland Valley railroads will issue excursion tickets to delegates and visitors, and their families, on their respective roads and branch roads by presenting an order for each excursion ticket to the ticket agent at the station of one or the other of the above-mentioned railroads. Such orders are to be obtained from Rev. Jacob Dahlan, 213 North 38th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The delegates and visitors will please state by which of these roads they wish to come to Lancaster and the name of the station from which they expect to start, and inclose in their application for a railroad order a stamped envelop with their address, as only such applications can be recognized.

The Philadelphia and Reading railroad will issue through excursion tickets to Lancaster, Pa., over their road and branches at most of their stations by application to the ticket agent at the station from May 13th to 16th inclusive, good to return until May 28th inclusive. Any person who wishes to attend the meeting of Synod later than the 16th of May, can purchase a ticket before the expiration of the time for the sale of tickets, and make use of it before May 28th.

The Lehigh Valley R. R. will issue excursion tickets at Elmira, Waverly and Sayre, and at other stations on their road and branches to Allentown, (East Penn. Junction) only. Excursion tickets must be there purchased to Lancaster, from the Philadelphia and Reading R. R.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad will sell excursion tickets by presentation of an order to Harrisburg only, and such must be purchased from the 13th to the 20th of May, good to return until June 3d inclusive.

The Pennsylvania, Northern Central and Philadelphia and Erie Railroads will sell tickets by presentation of orders from May 13th to 28th inclusive.

By an agreement of the Great Trunk lines to and from the West, such orders cannot be issued to delegates and visitors who come East to Pittsburgh. The Western delegates beyond Pittsburgh will have to pay full fare from Pittsburgh to Lancaster, as it is presumed that they will come at reduced rates to Pittsburgh over parts of the Great Trunk lines. In this case the Western delegates would do best to purchase a limited or special time ticket to Harrisburg, or Lancaster, Pa., if they can; otherwise to Philadelphia, which, in all probability, would be the cheapest, at the main stations of the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, the Pan Handle, (the Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad), and the Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Wheeling Railroad. The price of the limited ticket is about one-fourth less than the regular fare. The limited ticket can be purchased only for one way, and not like the excursion ticket, for going and returning, and the time of travel is limited, according to the distances, to two or three days, and for a continuous train.

ASSISTANT CLERK.

MERCERSBURG CLASSIS.

The Thirty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Mercersburg Classis, by appointment of last annual sessions, will be held in the Reformed Church of Bedford, Pa., commencing on Thursday evening, April 25th, 1878, at 7 o'clock. A punctual attendance is requested. Wm. M. DEATRICK, Stated Clerk. Mercersburg, Pa., April 9th, 1878.

ALLEGHENY CLASSIS.

The Allegheny Classis, in accordance with the action taken at the last annual meeting, will hold its Seventh Annual Meeting in the Henshaw charge, Butler county, Pa., on the first Wednesday in May, (May 1), 1878, at 7.30 P. M. W. F. LICHLITER, Stated Clerk.

BOARD OF VISITORS.

The Board of Visitors of the Seminary at Lancaster, will convene in the college building May the 7th, 1878, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and will continue in session until after the close of the commencement exercises on the Thursday evening following.

A. H. KREMER, President of the Board. Carlisle, April 5th, 1878.

The following persons constitute the Board of Visitors: Samuel R. Fisher, Amos H. Kremer, Charles H. Leinbach, Samuel G. Wagner, Charles F. McCauley, Theodore Appel, Jacob O. Miller, Edward R. Eschbach, John M. Titzel, W. R. Humphrey Deatrick, Joseph H. Apple and Thomas C. Porter.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE CLASSES.

SYNOD OF THE U. S.

East Pennsylvania Classis.—St. Stephen's Church, Easton, Pa., Monday before Ascension, (May 27th), at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Lebanon Classis.—Leesport, Pa., June 11th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Philadelphia Classis.—Boehm's Church, Montgomery County, Pa., June 14th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Lancaster Classis.—Maytown, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 13th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

East Susquehanna Classis.—Millersburg, Dauphin County, Pa., June 13th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

West Susquehanna Classis.—Williamsport, Pa., first Wednesday in May (1st), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Goshenhoppen Classis.—Boyetown, Pa., Friday after Whitsunday (June 14th), at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Tohickon Classis.—Appelbachsville, Pa., May 30th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

Westmoreland Classis.—Salem, Westmoreland County, Pa., June 14th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Clarion Classis.—Monroeville, Clarion Co., Pa., first Thursday in June (6th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

St. Paul's Classis.—Brown's Church, Crawford County, Pa., Thursday after Whitsuntide, (June 13th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Somerset Classis.—Somerset, Pa., Thursday after Whitsuntide, (June 13th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Youth's Department.

AN EASTER POEM.

Bursting from earth in air of early spring,
I found a lily growing sweet and wild;
And plucked the blossom, snowy fair, to bring,
As type of resurrection, to my child;
With it to show
How out of death divinely life might grow.
I told her then what Easter meant, and why
There seemed such gladness in the world to
reign;
Why clear-voiced choirs sang so exultantly
The joyful anthem "Christ is risen again!"
That, dying, He
Had taken from the grave its victory.
"Because 'He died and rose again,'" I said,
"The dark and shadowy valley none need fear;
The little brother that to you seemed dead
Was only on Christ's bosom heavenly near;
There is no tomb
Can prison or hide the soul's immortal bloom."
O! impotence of words! Who can explain
This wondrous mystery? And yet, perchance,
Through one white lily on God's altar lain
My child may grasp the flower's significance,
And, kneeling, say,
"A little child doth yield her heart to-day!"
—Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in April WIDE AWAKE.

THE STORY OF A LEAF.

BY E. C.

In the midst of the forest stood an oak that had been torn and burned by the lightning until no part of it was left alive, save one branch, and that somehow managed to suck enough sweetness and strength from the earth to put forth a few leaves when the Spring came. The sun shone, and the warm rain fell upon them, but all the leaves save one were so discontented they would not grow; but that one grew large and green.

"What is the use of growing?" said a small leaf quite at the end of the branch. "There are no leaves but us on this dead tree, and we'll only live till Fall, anyway. What's the use of growing?"

"We can do our best," replied the happy leaf, swinging to and fro in the breeze. "There's no knowing what may happen, and if we do our best, we'll be ready for anything."

In May, a roller, a little bird with a greenish-blue breast, and lovely blue and black wings, built with his mate a little nest just beneath the contented leaf. Soon four lustrous white eggs lay in the nest, and in a short time in their place were four callow nestlings.

"There's no knowing what may happen," said the happy leaf, as it balanced itself on the wind to protect the birdlings from the rain, or the sunshine. "I could not do this if I had not done my best in the Spring. There's no knowing what may happen!"

Every morning the roller perched himself upon the topmost twig of the dead tree, and sang, "Crag, crag, craag," in praise of his friend the leaf; and the birdlings said they would sing the praises of the leaf as soon as they were old enough.

At last the roller and his family flew away, to return no more. Every evening the sun crept a little farther toward the south; and slowly the beech trees turned yellow as gold. The oaks grew russet-brown; but the one leaf on the dead tree, that had done its best all Summer, grew glowing red, like a tulip. By and by came the glistening frost, and the keen north wind, and then away went the leaf like a bit of flame, whirling and whirling till it fell upon a violet all curled up for its Winter nap.

"Oh, beautiful leaf, stay and protect me from the snow!" said the violet.

"I'll do the best I can," replied the leaf. "There's no knowing what may happen!" And it stretched itself over the little plant, and soon, out of the gray clouds fell the snow, and hid the leaf, and all the world, under a whiteness like a shroud.

It was the day before Easter, and the children were searching the forest for flowers with which to adorn the church for the festival. Some found the white saxifrage, and some the gay eyebright, but little Gertrude, the cripple, who could not skip about much, found a great cluster of purple violets, beneath the gauzy skeleton of an oak-leaf.

The next morning, when the bells rang a joyous peal, and the church was filled with worshippers, long rays of

light streamed through the chancel window, and made a glory about the altar, where stood a cross of flowers, white as snow, save a tiny thread of purple violets that wound across it, and spelled again the glad tidings,

"Christ is Risen."

And at the foot of the cross lay a withered, gauzy oak-leaf.

Ah, me! there's no knowing what may happen, if we do our best, every day.

AN UNCONSCIOUS SERMON.

Mr. Harvy was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable-looking farm-house, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvy, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvy thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner, and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take, it he said, looking earnestly at the child and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one; I am lame, and my back is bad, sir, and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as He does a very large favor, and this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painsville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are all some distance from the road, and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvy looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.—*Young Folks' News.*

CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE ALPS.

There are yet in the Alps many pastures on high mountain ridges that neither cows nor goats are able to ascend. These are the lonely retreats of the grayish-brown chamois, that roam in flocks from one rendezvous to another, and there feed, after the guards have been posted, so that they may be made aware of any sudden attack.

For hours at a time these guards stand on the summit of a rock where there is barely room enough for the feet of a chamois. With its pointed horns the chamois defends itself from eagles and vultures; but from the hunter's balls it secures safely only by vigilance and swiftness, as well as by bold leaps up and down steep precipices, and sometimes over wide chasms.

It excites the greatest astonishment to see with what certainty and adroitness these animals, with the smallest start, desecrate and make use of an almost perpendicular wall as a means of escape that man would think an impossible outlet. The most courageous inhabitants of the Alps take a particular pleasure in looking for and killing the chamois in the wilds of the highest mountains.

Great courage, great presence of mind and great perseverance are wanted in chamois-hunting. With the thick-soled shoes, the iron-tipped stick, the pointed hat, ornamented with a chamois beard, and the double-barrel rifle, the hunter starts in the evening, or very early in the morning, to surprise the chamois at their pastures.

The giddy path lies up steep walls, over precipices, masses of rolling stones and fields of snow and ice. To help him-

self in danger, the hunter carries, also, an ax and a rope; with these he cuts steps or lets himself down from rock to rock. If he has finally reached the heights where the chamois feed, he must approach them without being seen, and must take care that the wind blows from where the chamois are toward him. It is often necessary to take a round-about way, for many hours at a time, over cliffs and precipitous rocks, and it is not rare for a hunter to be from eight to fourteen days before he can obtain a shot.

In such a hunt it is not a rare occurrence if he passes the night under the blue sky, between high, snow-covered mountains. He generally takes with him provisions for several days. If the chamois have caught sight of him, they escape up the rocks; the hunter follows them, often incurring great danger in climbing, when he has reached a place where he can neither go forward nor backward.

If the chamois have become quiet in the meantime the hunter looks for a hiding-place, where he lurks until the chamois come near enough to be shot at; then it costs one or two of them their lives, as the chamois-hunter never misses. If he has killed one, he commences a new and dangerous work. He must go in quest of the prey, that has perhaps fallen over a precipice; and then, with from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds burden, he will return home.

He binds the chamois' feet together, and places them so that the feet are on his forehead and the rest of the body is on his shoulders and back. With this burden he goes up and down precipitous cliffs, over slippery fields of snow and dangerous glaciers. Often thick fogs come up, so that he can see but a few feet ahead; or a furious tempest breaks out, that threatens to precipitate the hunter into the abyss; or vultures hurl themselves down on his shelter, when he climbs a steep precipice, and try to push him down.

It is no wonder, therefore, that, yearly, chamois hunters lose their lives in falling down a gap in the ice, or a precipice; and nevertheless, other inhabitants of the Alps undertake this dangerous chase, that only brings them a few florins, only the skin and horns of the chamois are bought.—*Sunday Magazine.*

FUGIVENESS.

Little Nellie Palmer was a sweet little girl about five years of age, and every night she loved to kneel down by her mother's side and pray. One of the prayers that she was in the habit of using was "the Lord's Prayer." One night after being undressed, she knelt down as usual, and began to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven;" but when she got as far as "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive," she stopped short and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" said her mother.

"Oh ma, I did not pray it all, and I can't pray it, I mustn't pray it," she replied.

"And why not, Nellie?"

"Because, ma, I haven't forgiven Susy Flanders for spoiling my doll's face this morning."

"But I thought that you had forgiven her, Nellie, when you saved the orange for her to-day at dinner."

"I thought so, too, ma, but you know I have not seen her yet; and when I think of that great inkspot soaked into the wax, and think how wicked Susy looked, my heart feels real wicked, too, and I am afraid if she should look so at me again, that I couldn't give her the orange then, or forgive her either."

"Not if you remember that it is just such as she that Christ told you to forgive?"

"Oh, dear, ma, I don't know!" said Nellie, still sobbing; "poor Dolly's face will never be clean again, and Susy need not have done it; it would have been easier to bear if it had been an accident."

"Yes, I know, Nellie, and there would be less to forgive; but if you

can do it now, it will be easier for you to forgive greater wrongs when you grow older."

"Why, ma, what could be greater? Dolly's face is spoiled."

"It could be greater, when you are grown up, Nellie, to have somebody put a great black spot upon your character by slander. It is done to somebody every day, Nellie, and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to Dolly, how will you be able to do better towards one against yourself?"

"But, ma, how can I make forgiveness, when it won't come itself into my heart?"

"You can pray to Christ to send it, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered slowly; "but would rather you would ask for me first; please do—won't you, ma?"

So the mother sought the grace of forgiveness for the little girl, who then prayed for herself, and to her surprise added also "the Lord's Prayer." And she whispered, as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, ma, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give her the orange to-morrow."—*S. S. Scholar.*

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A gentle boy, with soft and silver locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies;

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

SORRY IS NOT ENOUGH.

"Allan! Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the currant-bushes. I cannot tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was busy as a little man. But Allan is gone. Where is his cart?

"Allan! Allan!"

"I see here!" at last said a voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a pretty sober look on.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "It is waiting for another run."

"I see not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh! when mother told you not to? Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan; "I punish myself."

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and, you see, he took the same way with himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying your mother?" she asked Allan.

"I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I stay here a good while and have thinks."—*S. S. Advocate.*

WORDS TO BOYS.

I think I would ask permission, if I had happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are, as a people, sadly ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We guess at many country things, but we are certain of very few.

It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpkins, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres in a beautiful wooded

coutry, not to know a maple from a hach, or a bobolink from a cat-bird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies and called them violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet peas for geraniums.

What right has a human being, while the air is full of bird-music, to be wholly ignorant of the performer's name?

A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, tinker up a wagon, feed the animals, and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after-life as an explorer or a traveler when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an Ex-president of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage and rearrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The Ex-President told me he had learned about such matters on a farm in his boyhood, and so he was never at a loss for remedies on the road when his carriage broke down.

I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called *insomnia*, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.—*Field's Underbrush.*

Pleasantries.

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idee! Sure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime."

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of people now-a-days by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him by the hair of his head.

"Can that horse run fast?" asked a boy of a milkman the other morning.

"No, sonny," replied the purveyor of aqueous lacteal fluid. "He can't run very fast, but he can stand the fastest of any horse ever you saw."

The kilephone is the reverse of the telephone; by using it you can avoid hearing a chatterbox not a foot distant, and cats may howl all night on your ridgepole without your knowing it. Even your neighbor's cornet becomes innoxious, and the hand organ loses its sting.

Crossing Sweeper.—"Gi'e us a copper, please." Austere Party.—"I never give to beggars in the street." Crossing Sweeper.—"Don't yer? Well, in general miern's a ready-money business, but jest let's know where yer 'ang out, and hi don't mind calling for yer subscription, if it's hony to git another look at yer 'appy face."

Teach your daughters to sew. We observed a recently-married young man yesterday, who vainly attempted to search the rear pockets of his coat. Tootsey-pootsey had mended the torn lining of the coat in the morning—the shockingest great holes!—and had sewed the pockets as nice as could be. Solemn fact.

The Bishop of Hereford, while examining a class in a public school, asked what an average was. Several boys said that they didn't know, but at last one replied: "It is what a hen lays on." The Bishop looked in amazement at the boy, who then said that he had obtained his information in his little book of facts. The little book was sent for, and, when it arrived, the bright boy pointed triumphantly to the following sentence: "The domestic hen lays on an average fifty eggs each year."

NOBILITY OF REPENTANCE.

There is only one way, and only one name under heaven, whereby men can be saved from sin. Looked at from the simple standpoint of reason, repentance of sin and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is a mark of nobility.

We remember that Celsus did not think so, fifteen hundred years ago, when he counted Christianity a menial thing, because it went down, as he said, to slaves, children and fools; we remember that the Jews and Pharisees called its author a blasphemer, and denounced the whole system as a heresy; and we remember, also, that Colonel Ingersoll has tried to show a Baltimore audience, within two or three days, that religious experience is a piece of superstitious nonsense, when you get at the bottom of the question; in 1758 Voltaire said that God Himself would "be in a pretty plight" twenty years from that date—we do not forget all this blasphemous talk when we say that repentance of sin, through the precious blood of a Saviour, is a noble action. Surely no man will claim that he is not guilty of any sin; if a transgressor, then he ought to seek pardon for his wrong doing. A thief certainly recognizes the duty of turning from his evil life, if he has any feeling whatever on the subject; a gambler knows that he should forsake his evil practices. Those men who are too proud to be mean in action may not be right in motive. Some men are honest only from policy; others are quite satisfied with themselves when they place their lives by the side of some members of the Church, and we have no doubt they are as good as some members of the Church, although this is no proper criterion of Christian principle. There are moral and respected citizens who scorn lies, who repudiate whited sepulchers, who demand that the platter shall be clean on the inside as well as on the outside; but in all the range of human experience no man has ever lived without committing a sin of some kind, a willful sin, somewhere, and with a full sense of the wrong; be it much or little, he knows he is guilty before God. This being the fact, repentance becomes imperative if his heart is ever brought into a right state of feeling.

Repentance is more than outside submission. You cannot force a man to repent, and you must sometimes allow evil to work out its own curse. To have kept the prodigal at home when he demanded his patrimony, or to have treated him as a dutiful son before "he came to himself," would not have secured the result. The father did not go out after him until his impoverished face was turned toward home; and not until the wayward son regretted his course and felt that he had sinned against heaven and in the sight of his father, was he prepared to appreciate the nobility of Christian principle and humility.

Now we say that confession of wrong is noble, because it is the right thing to do; and it is the only way, because a man can not find peace or respect without it. Do you think less of a man who confesses that he did not do to you, or your friend, to himself or his God, as he ought to have done? Men may jeer at an associate and wink at each other over his profession of Christ, but is it possible for them to despise his sincerity? Is it a proud, high-headed, self-conceited sinner that we condemn, or a penitent, lowly-minded one? Why are we indignant toward an avaricious, stingy neighbor? For the simple reason that he is not sorry for his wrong doing or his selfish character. Let him but show a contrite spirit, and it matters not how bad his previous life, men will honor him and love him, just in proportion as this state of mind exists. Nay; if repentance is not a noble thing, then there is nothing noble under the sun.

And this is the only way of securing peace of conscience and joy in God. Sometimes men attend church with regularity and make gifts to the missionaries with the hope of satisfying the religious wants of their nature, but if there is no divine love in the heart it is much like taking pebble stones into the stomach with the hope of giving nourishment to the body. It cannot be done. Sometimes men try to reform the outer life, the conduct, but they always fail in the end to satisfy conscience, for evil desires and habits generally get the better. Then they give up, it may be, and rush to the other extreme and try to believe in atheism—but God will not be put away. The fact is that man cannot forsake his sins, or the Almighty in His own strength, or by any other course than that of submission to grace. "I wish," said Mme. De Sevigne, "I wish to be religious. I plague La Mousse about it every day. I belong at present neither to God nor the devil; and I find this condition very uncomfortable, though between you and me the most natural in the world." The conclusion of the whole matter is, therefore, plain. There is none other name given under heaven whereby ye can be

saved, except this name of Jesus Christ; and except ye believe, except ye submit to him, ye shall all likewise perish.—Presbyterian Weekly.

THE COMFORTER.

One mistake which really good and pious people commit, is that they think the Holy Spirit of God to be merely, or little beside certain pleasant frames and feelings, and comfortable assurances in their own minds. They do not know that these pleasant frames and feelings really depend principally on their own health, and, then, when they get out of health, or when their brain is over-worked, and the pleasant feelings go, they are terrified and disheartened, and complain of spiritual dryness, and cry out that God's Spirit has deserted them, and are afraid that God is angry with them, or even that they have committed the unpardonable sin; not knowing that God is not a man that He should lie, nor a son of a man that He should repent; that God is as near them in the darkness as in the light; that whatever their own health or their own feelings may be, yet still in God they live and move, and have their being; that to God's Spirit they owe all which raises them above the dumb animals; that nothing can separate them from the love of Him who promised that He would not leave us comfortless, but send to us His Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us to the same place whither He has gone before.—From Rev. Charles Kingsley's "All Saints' Day and other Sermons."

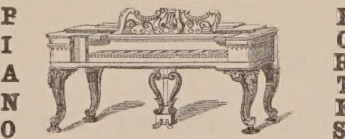
THE GREAT HEALER.

What a spectacle was presented to the inhabitants of Genesaret when Jesus came into their midst! The wonderful Healer had come, who in other places had performed such mighty miracles. Why not here? Tell the tidings, friends, neighbors, acquaintances, sick people, everywhere; the mighty Healer is here! They bring them. Some in arms of fond friends, some assisted to walk, some carried in their beds. The same result followed in every case after contact. Divine power penetrated through the diseased frame of every sufferer. "As many as touched were made perfectly whole."

What a parable is all this! Jesus is always healing. He has lost none of His power.

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OATMEAL SOAP

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UP TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Harrisburg...	8:00	1:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle...	9:00	2:35	5:15	10:10
" Chambersburg...	10:30	4:00	6:45	
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00		
Arr. Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown...		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg...		9:30		4:33
Arr. Carlisle...	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg...	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

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General News.

HOME.

The interest of a fund of \$10,000, given to the Baptist Publication Society by the late Mr. J. P. Crozer and his wife, has already supplied 628 white and colored ministers with libraries.

The International Sunday school Convention met in Atlanta, Ga., last week. Over 400 delegates were in attendance. A committee was appointed to prepare the "Lessons" for the next seven years.

Dispatches from nearly two hundred points covering the whole of the western spring wheat regions show an average nearly 50 per cent. greater than last year. The condition and prospects are better than since 1860.

A Chinese church is to be organized at Oakland, Cal., composed in part of members from Dr. Eells' church and the mission under the care of Rev. J. M. Condit. This is the second church in California, all the members of which are Chinese.

Presbyterianism has grown but little in Baltimore. Dr. Backus stated in a sermon recently, that when he entered Baltimore forty-two years ago, it had 80,000 inhabitants and five Presbyterian churches. The population is now more than four times 80,000, and yet the Presbyterian churches number only fourteen. Had the increase of the Presbyterian churches kept pace with the increase of the population, there would now be more than twenty; yet there has been no advance since 1868.

There is a probability that the Income Tax will be revived. The Committee of Ways and Means has voted practically for its imposition by a majority of one-six to five. The plan involves an exemption on all incomes under two thousand dollars, a tax of two per cent. on all incomes between two and five thousand dollars, three per cent. on all incomes between five and ten thousand dollars, and four per cent. on all incomes exceeding ten thousand dollars. Certain reductions are to be made for rent and taxes, etc., as in the income tax of war times.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime has applied to the Legislature of New York for an act of incorporation, and a bill for that purpose has been introduced. The incorporators are Dr. Howard Crosby, Peter Cooper, William H. Wickham, Benjamin Tatham, Charles E. Gildersleeve, William F. Mott, Erasmus D. Culver, William B. Merritt, S. Irenaeus Prime, David J. Whitney, Frederick A. Booth, Oscar E. Schmidt, Alonzo Follett, Daniel B. St. John Roosa, Henry Drisler, William P. Prentice, George G. Wheelock and John H. Hinton—all of New York city.

FOREIGN.

There was quite a row last week in Montreal between Orange Young Britons and the Irish Catholics, during a procession of the former to church.

During 1877 25,623 deaths in England and Wales were inquest cases. There were 324 Coroners and 5 vacancies; 220 were of the legal and 47 of the medical profession.

An Austrian military paper lately gave the result of a careful analysis of a sample of bread supplied to the Russian troops in Bulgaria. It revealed 19 per cent. of sawdust and 14 per cent. of sand.

There has been a great strike among the operatives in the English cotton factories. It is thought that six million spindles will soon be idle, and one hundred and twenty spinners thrown out of work.

The Paris Exposition will be opened on the first of May with a display of imperial pomp and splendor, which it said will be in strange contrast with the severe simplicity that characterized our Centennial exercises.

Caius College, Cambridge, England is pronounced Keys, and Magdalene, Oxford, Maudlin. St. Mary's Hall is disrespectfully styled "Skimpy" in undergraduate language. Streets in Oxford are not spoken of as High street, Broad street, etc., but as "the High," "the Broad," etc.

A large amount of telegraph work was gone through by the central office at Rome on the occasion of the death of King Victor Emmanuel. From the 9th to the 20th of January the dispatches which left Rome amounted to 18,301, while those that arrived numbered 29,503. The whole of the dispatches, including those of transit, rose to 94,416, or nearly treble the ordinary work.

Touching the war prospect, a correspondent at St. Petersburg telegraphs that he has had a conversation with general Ignatieff, in which the General, in reply to a question put to him, summed up the political situation as follows: "England still continues to show her teeth; Austria is almost appeased. England wishes to act only by diplomacy and refuses to declare war openly."

"With regard to the other Powers, Italy's interests demand strict neutrality. France had a tendency towards England, but the Marshall President and the chiefs of the army want to remain quiet and keep on good terms with Russia."

"To sum up, the chances of an understanding are increasing gradually but slowly. We must wait some time for a solution. The Congress will perhaps be replaced by arbitration with England, but nothing positive can be said on that point yet."

"The emeute in Moscow last Monday was of no consequence. It was put down by the peasants themselves and had no significance whatever."

As we go to press the prospects for settling the Eastern difficulty seem no brighter. What will be the end of the matter is as yet mere conjecture.

Farm and Garden.

SOOT AS A MANURE.—The value of soot, like that of ashes, depends a good deal upon the material that made it. That produced from a wood fire is the best; but there is so little of it, that it is hardly worth while to consider it. The burning of coal, however, produces a great deal of soot, and its value is such that it would pay to save and apply all that is produced. Coal soot contains a fair percentage of ammonia, besides some phosphates, potash, soda, magnesia, sulphates, carbonates, and chloride of lime. Sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of lime are the ingredients of most value, particularly the former. It is used on all kinds of crops, and the testi-

mony, though variable, is strongly in its favor. The amount that would be useful depends upon circumstances, but one can scarcely apply too much. From ten to twenty bushels per acre is enough, perhaps. In England, soot has long been a favorite fertilizer for wheat and as a top dressing for grass lands. Mixed with salt, the effect is said to be greatly increased. In one experiment recorded, the soil without any manure produced one hundred and fifty-seven bushels of potatoes; with thirty bushels of soot, the yield was increased to one hundred and ninety-two bushels, and with thirty bushels of soot mixed with eight bushels of salt two hundred and forty bushels were produced. Grass and wheat top-dressed with soot have a beautiful green color, due principally to the sulphate of ammonia present. For garden purposes nothing is better than soot dissolved in water—half a peck to a barrel of water—the plants and beds being sprinkled with it. Moisture increases its value, and hence its best effects are seen on most soils or in most seasons.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

TICKS ON SHEEP.—D. S. Campbell, of Royal Oak, complains that the lambs which were dropped in February of last year, and which were sold in the spring to the butcher, would not fatten because they were infected with ticks. This he does not want to have happen again, hence he desires to know what will destroy ticks, for he says he sees that his yearling ewes are rubbing themselves, and on examining them he finds them full of these insects. Just as soon as the lambs are dropped he may be sure the ticks will leave the ewes and go for them. The surest method is to make a trough long enough and deep enough to hold a liquid solution of tobacco which will allow the lambs to be taken up and dipped in it. This solution of tobacco may be made of refuse tobacco stems, plenty of which can be had at the factories cheap, and steeped in hot water. Keep it lukewarm, and give every lamb a dip in it, taking care that the solution is not too strong. With lambs you cannot afford to wait, for the ticks will keep them poor in flesh and stop their growth in a few days more than can be recovered in a month. See that the lambs are kept under cover till they are perfectly dry. This treatment is the surest. We note that sprinkling with bi-sulphuret of carbon has been found very effective with the French for lice and ticks, but we do not know that it has been tried here.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Good setters, among hens, seldom or never leave their nests more than once a day, provided they are well fed when they come off; while they seldom remain away longer than from a quarter to half an hour, rarely exceeding the latter period, unless food has not been supplied and they have to forage for themselves.

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" Red.....	1.30@1.34
Rye.....	67@68
Corn, Yellow.....	51@52
White.....	46@47
Oats.....	33@34
Barley.....	79@75
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	72@73
" Refined cut loaf.....	104@105
" powdered.....	104@104
" granulated.....	92@93
" A.....	92@93
Coffee, Rio.....gold.....	144@147
" Maracaibo.....gold.....	16@18
" Laguayra.....gold.....	15@16
" Java.....gold.....	21@22
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	10.25@10.68
Dried Beef.....	12@13
Sugar cured Hams.....	61@71
Lard.....	73@74
Butter, Roll extra.....	22@24
Butter, Roll Common.....	20@22
Prints, extra.....	35@40
" Common.....	30@34
Eggs.....	8@8
SEEDS, Clover.....	12@12 1/2
Timothy.....	6.25@7.50
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Blue.....	3.00@3.25
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Spring
1878.



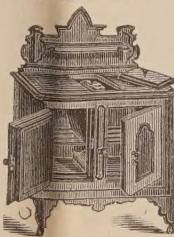
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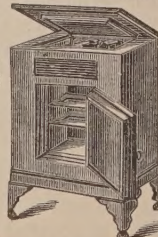
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\$73.11 for \$74.18 for \$75.25 for \$76.32 for \$77.39 for \$78.46 for \$79.53 for \$80.60 for \$81.67 for \$82.74 for \$83.81 for \$84.88 for \$85.95 for \$86.02 for \$87.09 for \$88.16 for \$89.23 for \$90.30 for \$91.37 for \$92.44 for \$93.51 for \$94.58 for \$95.65 for \$96.72 for \$97.79 for \$98.86 for \$99.93 for \$100.00 for \$101.07 for \$102.14 for \$103.21 for \$104.28 for \$105.35 for \$106.42 for \$107.49 for \$108.56 for \$109.63 for \$110.70 for \$111.77 for \$112.84 for \$113.91 for \$114.98 for \$115.05 for \$116.12 for \$117.19 for \$118.26 for \$119.33 for \$120.40 for \$121.47 for \$122.54 for \$123.61 for \$124.68 for \$125.75 for \$126.82 for \$127.89 for \$128.96 for \$129.03 for \$130.10 for \$131.17 for \$132.24 for \$133.31 for \$134.38 for \$135.45 for \$136.52 for \$137.59 for \$138.66 for \$139.73 for \$140.80 for \$141.87 for \$142.94 for \$143.01 for \$144.08 for \$145.15 for \$146.22 for \$147.29 for \$148.36 for \$149.43 for \$150.50 for \$151.57 for 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